

A Serial of Family Life

What Happened To Jane

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

She Realizes That All Is Over Between Her and Ruth.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

FOR twenty-four hours the sense of relief following upon her anxiety about her father's money affairs was so great that Jane did not worry as she would otherwise have done over the episode of Ruth's call and her own flight from an interview with her friend.

It was recalled suddenly to her mind two days later when Augustus drove to the railroad station in the village for an express parcel he had ordered sent out from town. He suggested that Jane accompany him — for his good humor with her still continued.

The afternoon train from Pattonville was in, and Jane saw Ruth Crosby on the station platform. She had just alighted from the train. As she glanced at the Reeves equipage, Jane waved her hand to her. But Ruth did not return the salute. Perhaps she had not seen who was in the carriage, Jane thought.

"Oh," she exclaimed to her husband, "there's Ruth! Let's give her a lift as far as her house."

Here Her Mistake.

For the moment she hoped to make him forget his interdiction and the painful scene of a few nights ago. But she saw her mistake instantly.

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" Augustus replied harshly. "I told you to drop that girl."

He drove over the tracks that Ruth was now crossing, and, as the carriage came abreast of the pedestrian, Jane

der still when you stayed to supper. She said you must have come to get away from her, as you'd asked her to supper that night. I told her she was mistaken."

"But she wasn't," Jane contradicted. "Oh, dear!"—wringing her hands—"what a lunge this is!" Then, noting the perplexity in her mother's face, she spoke more calmly. "Ruth and I have had a misunderstanding, mother, and it's impossible to straighten it—no please don't try. Now I must be running away, for Augustus will be waiting."

Mother Talks to Jane.

"But Jane," her mother detained her, "explain yourself, child! You forget that Ruth was going to your house, didn't you? I mean it slipped your mind; or you had asked her for some other time, hadn't you?"

"No, I had not!" the girl declared, desperately. "I'll not tell any more lies about it. I know she was coming, so I came over here."

"I'm surprised at you, Jane," her mother exclaimed, reproachfully. "Jane waited to hear no more. Her father was still out at the barn, so she was spared the necessity of speech with him. Silently she climbed into the back seat of the carriage."

Reeves was turning into his own gate when at last he spoke. His face was clouded and his voice rough.

"Well," he said, "if I hadn't known before that I was right in keeping you away from outsiders I'd know it now. When we started out you were pleasant and agreeable. Then you saw that fool Crosby girl, and were ugly and sullen because I wouldn't take her into my carriage. Then you stopped at your mother's and you've been glum since. After this I guess you stay at home for a change."

"By the way, I told your father I'd give him three months to pay that note; so, as they've got what they want, your people won't mind your not going there for one while. They've used you good and plenty; now I guess they can spare you for some time. Whether they can or not they'll have to. For, after all, I'm the one that has the say so about you—and I mean to have it!"

(To Be Continued.)

A Serial of Everyday Affairs

Their Married Life

In More Senses Than One Helen Puts Herself Into Mrs. Thurston's Shoes.

"IT'S raining," and Helen, with a little exclamation, looked out of Mrs. Thurston's window to see the rain whirling against the window pane.

"And raining hard," said Mrs. Thurston, going over to the window. Warren followed her, not in the heat of temper, for they were a good way from home.

"I'll call a taxi," said Mr. Thurston, going to the telephone.

Helen and Warren had been playing cards with the Thurstons. They had stayed quite a while after the usual game, lingering over their sandwiches, and now it was rather late to get a taxi in such an out of the way neighborhood.

"Do you think you'll be able to get out?" said Helen, anxiously. She had on all her pretty spring things and a pair of gray suede shoes that would be ruined if they were wet.

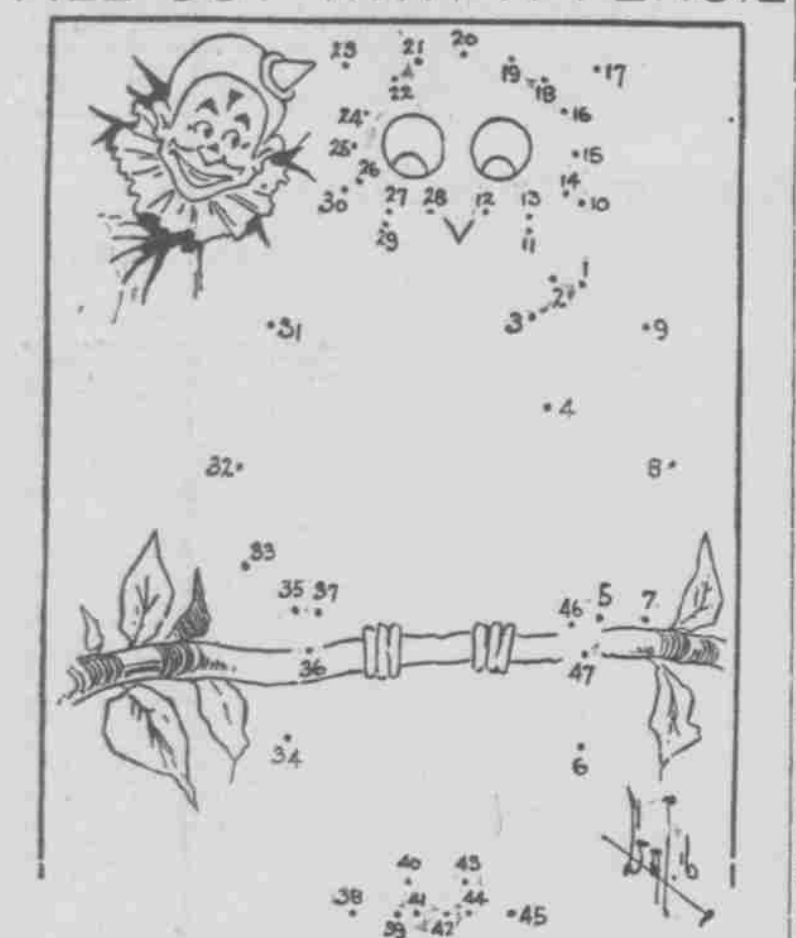
"I don't know," said Mrs. Thurston, dubiously. "I'm afraid not. Hello, hello, is that you, Jimmy?" to the hall boy. "See if you can get a taxi, will you?" Mr. Thurston, yes."

They all waited anxiously for the call. Finally the telephone rang and Mr. Thurston answered it again. No, there were no taxis.

"That's a shame," said Mrs. Thurston, sympathetically. "Well, Helen, I'll fix you up. You can take a coat of mine—one that I never wear. Oh, but you must, my dear. You'd just ruin that suit if you didn't."

Helen followed Mrs. Thurston and allowed her to wrap a coat about her.

FILL OUT WITH A PENCIL



Can you finish this picture?

Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots. Begin at No. 1 and take them numerically.

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggly and the Second Kitten."

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

"WELL, where are you going now, Uncle Wiggly?" asked Nurse Jane Purr Wussy. The muskrat lady housekeeper, of the rabbit gentleman, one day as she saw him starting out of his hollow stump bungalow, after he had found the first of the little kittens who had soiled their mittens.

"I am going to look for the second little lost kitten," replied the bunny uncle, "though where she may be I don't know. Her name is Muzzo."

"Why, it's almost like mine, isn't it?" asked Nurse Jane Purr Wussy. "A little like it," said Uncle Wiggly. "Poor little Muzzo. She and the other two kittens ran off after they had soiled their mittens eating cherry pie when their mother, Mrs. Purr, was not at home."

"It is very good of you to go looking for them," said Nurse Jane Purr Wussy. "Oh, I just love to do things like that," spoke the rabbit gentleman. "Well, good-by, I'll see if I can't find the second kitten now."

Away started the rabbit gentleman, over the fields and through the woods, looking on all sides for the second lost kitten, whose name was Muzzo.

"Where are you, kitten?" called Uncle Wiggly. "Where are you, Muzzo? Come to me! Never mind if your mittens are soiled by cherry juice. I'll find a way to clean them."

But no Muzzo answered. Uncle Wiggly looked everywhere, under bushes and in the tree tops, for some time. Kitten cats climb trees, you know; but no Muzzo could be found. Then Uncle Wiggly walked a little farther, and he saw Billie Wagtail, the goat boy, butting his head in a snow bank.

"What are you doing, Billie?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Oh, just having some fun," answered Billie, standing up on his hind legs. "You haven't seen a little lost kitten, with cherry pie juice on her mittens, have you?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"No, I am sorry to say I have not," said Billie, politely. "Did you lose one?" "Wiggly, and he told about Muzzo. 'I'll help you look for her,' offered the goat boy, so he and Uncle Wiggly started off together to try to find poor little lost Muzzo, and bring her home to her mother, Mrs. Purr."

Pretty soon, as the rabbit gentleman and the goat boy were walking along they heard a little mewing cry behind a pile of snow, and Uncle Wiggly said:

"That sounds like Muzzo now." "Perhaps it is. Let's look," said Billie Wagtail.

He and the bunny uncle looked over the pile of snow, and there, surely enough, they saw a little white pussy cat sitting on a stone, looking at her mittens, which were all covered with red pie juice.

"Oh, dear!" the little pussy was saying. "I don't know how to get them clean! What shall I do? I can't go home with my mittens all soiled, or my mamma will whip me."

Of course, Mrs. Purr, the cat lady, would not do anything like that, but Muzzo thought she would. "What are you trying to do to clean your mittens, Muzzo?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh, how you surprised me!" exclaimed the second little lost kitten. "I did not know you were here."

"Billie Wagtail and I came to look for you," said Uncle Wiggly. "But what about your mittens?"

"Oh, I have been dipping them in snow, trying to clean them," said Muzzo. "Only the pie juice will not come out."

"Of course not," spoke Uncle Wiggly, with a laugh. "It needs hot soap-suds and water to clean them. You come home to my bungalow and we will get some."

"Oh, I am so cold and tired I can't go another step," said the second little kitten, who had run away from home after she soiled her mittens. "I just can't."

"Well, then, I don't know how you are going to get your mittens washed, out here in the cold and snow," said the rabbit gentleman.

"Ha! I know a way!" said Billie Wagtail, the goat boy.

"How?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"I'll get an empty tomato can," spoke Billie. "I know where there is one, for I was eating the paper off it to get the paste, just before you came along. Goats like to eat paper off tomato cans, you know, because the paper is stuck on with sweet paste, and that is as good to goat children as candy is to you."

"I'll go get the tomato can," said Billie. "And you can make a fire, Uncle Wiggly."

"And then what?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Then we will melt some snow, and make some hot water," went on Billie. "I have a cake of soap in my pocket, that I just bought at the store for my mother."

"With the hot water in the can, and the soap, we can make a suds, and wash Muzzo's mittens out here as well as at your bungalow."

"So we can, Billie!" cried the bunny uncle. "You go get the empty tomato tin and I'll make the fire. You needn't try to wash your soiled mittens in the snow any more, Muzzo," he said to the second lost kitten. "We'll do it for you, in soapy water, which is better."

Soon Uncle Wiggly made a fire. Back came Billie Wagtail with the tomato can. Some snow was put in it, and it was set over the blaze. Soon the snow melted and then when the water was hot Uncle Wiggly made a soapy suds as Nurse Jane had done.

"Now I can wash my mittens!" cried Muzzo, and she did. And when they were nice and clean she went home with them, and oh! how glad her mother was to see her!

"Never run away again, Muzzo," said the cat lady.

"I won't," promised the kitten. "But where is Muzzo?"

"She is still lost," said Mrs. Purr. "But I will go find her, too," said Uncle Wiggly. And if the apple pie doesn't go out snow balling with the piece of cheese, and forget to come back to dinner, I'll tell you more about Uncle Wiggly.—Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

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